

sands jamming the street when Roosevelt left the hotel.

The crowd cheered Roosevelt madly. He took off his hat and bowed to right and left.

A short, meanly dressed man in the crowd stepped out and raised his right hand.

There was a flash and a report. Roosevelt staggered back, clutching his right side.

Elbert Martin, the colonel's private stenographer, jumped for the short, meanly dressed man.

Col. Cecil Lyon of Texas, who had been standing beside the colonel, pulled a revolver from his pocket and joined Martin in attacking the would-be assassin.

Lyon got the man down on the ground. He was choking the life out of him and preparing to use his revolver when Roosevelt's voice rang out:

"Don't hurt the poor fellow," he cried.

Harry Cochems, who had been on the opposite side of the automobile from Roosevelt, caught Lyon around the neck and prevented him using his revolver.

"Don't kill him, John," Cochems yelled. "The colonel don't want you to kill him."

"My name isn't John," yelled Martin, jumping to his feet and glowering at Cochems.

The police had a hold of Col. Lyon and the man who had tried to kill Roosevelt by this time.

Schrank was taken to the police station. Lyon followed him, and there wrung his story from him.

Schrank told an extraordinary

story. He said that he was a New York saloonkeeper.

"After the Chicago Republican convention," Schrank said, "I became convinced that Col. Roosevelt was a menace to the country.

"I thought his third party was a dangerous thing, and I believed that if he were defeated in November he would cry 'Thief' again and plunge the country into civil war.

"And then one night I dreamed that the ghost of President McKinley appeared before me. McKinley's ghost said to me:

"Theodore Roosevelt and not Czolgosz was my murderer. I command you, John Schrank, to avenge my death and not to permit my murderer to secure a third term."

"Ever since that dream I have been following Roosevelt all around the country.

"I meant to kill him in Chicago. I stayed at the Jackson hotel there.

"I first tried to get Roosevelt at the Northwestern depot in Chicago. He didn't come in there, and I went to the Coliseum to kill him there. He came out of the Coliseum by another door and escaped me.

"Then I followed him here, and now at last I did get him. I am sorry I did not kill him."

While Schrank was telling his story, Col. Roosevelt was struggling with his friends.

They wished to get him back into the hotel for medical attention.

Roosevelt refused to go.